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CATHARINE OF RUSSIA:

OR,

THE CHILD OF THE STORM.

An Historical Drama,

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT IN THE

LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

To MANAGERS.—This Drama is the sole property of D. W. OSBALDISTON, to whom application for its performance may be addressed.—Terms moderate.

As Performed at the

LONDON THEATRES,

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—o—

Peter the First, (Czar of Russia—known as Peter the Great, now disguised as the Soldier Lowestoff) Mr. OSBALDISTON

General Scheremtief, (commanding the Russian Troops. bombarding Marienburg, in Livonia. a Province in Russia) - - - - - - Mr. HENRY FRAZER

Sergeant Hetzenoff, (a Cossack Officer, serving under the Czar) - - - - - - - Mr. RICHARDS

Karl and Maurinski, (Pages to Peter the Great) Miss E. MORDEN and Miss HYAMS

Skovronski, (the aged and worthy Pastor of Marienburg—the Protector & adopted Father of Catharine) Mr. NEVILLE

Ryaz Radutzypadutzy, (a simple Livonian Peasant, attached to Carline) - - - Mr. FORMAN

Poto, Sclavaronski, } two Robbers, frequenting the Field in search of plunder { Mr. MORRISON Mr. HUMPHREYS

Klotz, - (a Horseman) - Mr. HITCHINSON

Paul, Metzburg, } Peasant Lads of Riga. { Mr. BRUNTON Mr. WILLIS

Russian Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Catharine of Russia, (an Orphan, found by the Pastor of Marienberg on the skirts of the Forest on St. Catharine's Day. and called "the Child of the Storm") Miss VINCENT

Madame Alexiana, (Sister to the Pastor of Marienberg, and living in the picturesque village of Ritzburg) Mrs. COOKE

Carline, (a sprightly Livonian Peasant Girl, betrothed to Ryaz Radutzyputzy) Miss GEORGIANA LEBATT

Zettea, (a Villager of Ritzberg, her friend) Miss MILDENHALL

Frederica, - (Skovronski's attendant) - Mrs. ANDREWS

Scene, Livonia—Time, 1702.

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CATHARINE OF RUSSIA:

Or, The Child of the Storm.

SCENE I.

Mountainous View, near Marienburg, in Livonia,

Wild Scenery surrounding. Small Cottage, R.H., 2 E. *Door and Window.*

A number of Livonian Male Peasants, all jumping up and peeping, over each other's shoulders, in at the window of the Cottage, O.P.

Paul. There she is; I see her—I see her.

Rat. So do I.

Paul. What a pretty little creature!

Rat. What a beautiful eye!

Paul. There is not such a girl in a'l our village—look at her; there's a smile.

Enter RYAZ RADUTZYPADUTZY, P. S. 3 E.

[RYAZ *goes to window, and puts them aside.*

Come I say my fine fellows—don't keep all the window to yourselves, let's have a peep as well as you

[*Jumps up at window, pu'ting others aside.*

Enter CARLINE and other Girls, U.E.P.S.

[CARLINE *points to the men.*

There girls, did'nt I tell you?—look there what do you think of our lovers now?—if *she* stays here, we shall none of us be safe. She came but last night to Madame Alexina's here on a visit, from her protector, the good Pastor of Marienburg, and this evening only look at our wretches, all jumping over one another's backs to get a sight of her, while we are left moping by ourselves. I won't put up with it, for one.

1*st Girl.* Nor I, for another.

2*nd Girl.* Nor I, for a third.

Others. Nor I!—Nor I!

[*As some of the young men pull* Ryaz *back, he bonnets them, &c.—they quarrel in dumb show.*

Ryaz. Be quiet, will you!—[*Jumps to window.*] Well, I never saw anything so beautiful! I wish she was my wife!

Car. There! It's shameful, abominable, scandalous, for Mr. Ryaz Radatzypatzy to treat me in this manner! You'll stand by me, girls?

Girls. Aye, that we will. [*They retire.*

Ryaz. I can't see her now—she's gone up stairs. [*They come down.*] I never did see, in all my blessed born days, with my two stark staring eyes, such a beauty as that! Why, my Carline is not fit to hold a candle to her! What eyes! What lips! Oh, shouldn't I like a

smack! [Carline *comes down, and gives him a smack on the face.*

Car. There, then, you've got one!

Ryaz. Yes, I feel I have!

Car. And you shall have another! [*Beats him.*

1*st Girl.* And so shall *you.* [*Beats* Paul.

2*nd Girl.* And so shall *you.* [*Beats* Ratzen.

Girls. And so shall *you.* [*Beating their respective lads.*

Car. [*To* Ryaz] How dare you peep in at that window, sir?

2*nd Girl.* [*To* Paul] And you, sir?

All repeat And you, sir?

Ryaz. Well, and is there any harm in a peep at a pretty girl?

Car. How do I know what a peep may lead to—eh, girls?

Girls. Aye, aye!

Car. Come away instantly, sir. [*Stamps at him.*

Ryaz. I say, lads, we are men—are we not? [*Resolutely.*

Male Peasants. Aye, yes, to be sure we are!

Ryaz. I thought we were! [*With mock dignity*] Then let us *shew* ourselves such—let 'em see our authority—our power! I say, let us show 'em we are *all* men—why shouldn't we? we are not slaves, if we *are* a little bit in love! I say, when a man looks for a wife, he must look about him—pick and choose, eh?

Paul and Peasants. Hurrah! Bravo, Ryaz!

Car. [*Crying*] Oh, girls, it's all over with us! [*They cry, the men laugh.*

Enter Catharine *from Cottage.*

Ryaz and Men. Here she is—here she is! [*All bow, one before the other,* Ryaz *before all, throwing each aside, bowing and scraping.*

Cath. Ah, my good kind friends, how do you do? and you, girls—[*holding her hands to them.* Carline *first turns up her nose, and walks up—all do the same, each after the other.* Why, girls, what's all this? you used not to treat me thus when I came here for a holiday.

Ryaz. (R.H.) Ah, Catharine, [*sighs*] you were not then the full-blown beauty you are now! [*To Men*]—I'll give 'em a tickler. [*To* Catharine]—You hadn't so many admirers amongst us young men as you have now; *I* hadn't cast *my* eyes upon you, as I do *now*—[*rolls his eyes at her.*

Cath. Well, if that's the best way you can cast your eyes upon me, you had better cast them another way, for you are rolling them into the most dreadfully ugly squint I ever witnessed.

[*Men all laugh—Girls pleased, come down* P.S.]

Ryaz. [R H.] Do you mean to say you don't admire my eyes?

Cath. Your eyes—I never admired owl's eyes in my life. [*All laugh again.*

Car. Oh, my good, dear Catherine! —[*Embraces her*] Forgive me, forgive us all—we thought you had come to take our sweethearts from us.

Cath. Ha ha ha! Silly girls! what, *all* your sweethearts!

Car. Well, we didn't know which might be the sufferer.

Cath. Ha ha ha! Fear not—I must have no thought of a sweetheart yet; and when I *have*, it must be (no offence to you, Carline) a man whose eyes haven't the roll of your Radutzypadutzy's.

Ryaz. Oh, you don't know how scarce sweethearts are about these parts—the war takes all the men away.

Cath. Yes, all the men *worth taking*.

Car. [L.H.] Yes, that it does, and those it leaves it makes so impudent, there's no bearing them.

Cath. Well, I can only say, girls, if you can't make up your minds to wait till something better offers, than the specimens of men I see here, you are very silly; not even excepting the young man there with the *rolling* eyes.

[*Girls laugh*, Ryaz *looks foolish.*]

Ryaz. I say, lads, let's pluck up a proper manly spirit, shew our dignity, and be off. [*Aside to Men.*

Men. Aye, aye.

Ryaz. Come along.

[*As he is going*, R.H. *runs against* MADAME ALEXINA, *who is entering from Cottage.* R. H.]

Alex. You stupid fellow, what do you want?

Ryaz. I don't want *you.*

Alex. Can't you see before your nose?

Cath. No, he rolls his eyes too much. [*Girls laugh.*

Ryaz. [*In passion*] Come along—follow me, *men!*

[*All rush off*, O. P. *the Girls run off* P. S. *pointing and laughing at them.*]

Cath. Did he hurt you?

Alex. Not much, my child. But come, you've plenty of flax to spin. We must work, to eat, you know. Remember, my brother, the Pastor of Marienburg, has been a kind protector to you, and you must not forget his goodness.

Cath. Forget it! Oh, Madame! can I forget, that, eighteen years since, he found me, while an infant, near to Marienburg, abandoned to the wild storm, on a snow-falling night! Can I forget, that he bore me to his home—that ever since, he, and his servant Frederica, have kindly tended me with unceasing care and affection? Oh, I should be ingrate indeed, did I ever cease to remember his kindness to me!

Alex. Good girl! [*Cannon at distance.*

Cath. Hark! what's that? Do you not hear the booming of cannon? 'tis at Marienburg!

Alex. Some public rejoicing, I dare say. [*Can. again.*

Cath. No no, there is some fearful meaning in this.

It was but yesterday the Pastor, suddenly returning from his visits, with anxious look called me to his side, and told me I must come to live with you, till he himself came to fetch me. He repeated his words, "*Till I come to fetch you.*" He saw me on the way; and on passing by the spot, where, as a perishing infant, he first found me, he bade me kneel for his blessing; and as he raised his reverend hands in prayer above my head, I heard his heavy deep-drawn sighs, and felt the warm tear-drops fall upon my neck.

Alex. My dear kind brother!

Cath. We parted there—he back to Marienburg, and I to you. Go, said he, and if Heaven wills, Catherine, that I see you not again, remember these my last words: "Be good, obedient—and, in whatever position fortune may hereafter place you, forget not that you once were a poor deserted infant, and must have perished, had not Heaven sent one of his humble servants to save and succour you." He pressed me to his heart, and [*weeps*] we parted.

Alex. Mercy on me, weeping! you, who are ever laughing! Do you weep because my brother appeared a little agitated? it was because he loves you, and looks upon you as his daughter.

Cath. I feel I am so:—But why did he send me to you?

Alex. Because I am getting old, and have need of your aid and help.

Cath. *He* is also old, and has need of help. [*Cannon heard again, continuous*] Hark! do you not hear the cannon again? there is danger in Marienburg, and I away from my good father! Ha! behold, a horseman is nearing us—he approaches the house—he stops at the gate—'tis Klotz—he dismounts—he is here!

Enter KLOTZ, *in great haste, from behind Cottage*, U.E.O.P.

Klotz [*To* Alex.] Tell me, for I am in haste, is this the cottage of Madame Alexina?

Alex. and Cath. Yes, yes.

Klotz. Ha, I see! [*Recognizing* Cath.] The Russians are at Marienburg—I have escaped with difficulty, to bring this letter from the Pastor—[*Gives letter to* Alex.]—who has given me his horse to expedite me.

Alex. Great Heaven! [*Reading.*

Cath. Tell me of him—speak quickly. [*Cannon heard.*

Klotz. General Scheremtief with his army are bombarding Marienburg.

Cath. My protector! my father! this is the cause then of his sending me here! [*Loud reports. Girls run in from different sides, alarmed, with some Male Peasants.*] I must away to—[*crosses* C.]

Alex. [*Catching her as she is about to go*] Your benefactor conjures you not to leave this spot. He says 'tis his duty to remain with those entrusted to his care.—he

begs our prayers for his safety—and, if Heaven wills his life be sacrificed, he leaves you all he possesses.

Cath. And does he or you, or any, think that I, whose life he saved, can desert him in his present danger? I go instantly to Marienburg to him.

Alex. Catharine! Friends, [*To Peasants*] Entreat her—prevent her! [*They all gather round her.*

Omnes. Catharine, Catharine! [*Cannon heard.*

Klotz. The Russians are in the town—many dead, and others prisoners. [*Cannon heard.*

Cath. You hear! Let me go! I will die with him, or be a prisoner too!

Alex. You shall not! Detain her.

Cath [To Alex.] Unhand me! [*To others*] Let me pass! [*Runs through them*] Though girl, I am firm of purpose—I go to save, or die with him! [*Rushes off at entrance that brought* Klotz *on, cannon roaring, all get* P.S.

Alex. Fly, and prevent her! [*Music.*

Klotz. See, she seizes my horse—she springs upon the saddle—she is gone—she is gone!

[*Cannon at distance*—Alexina *and others group round*—

TABLEAU.

SCENE II.

The Neighbourhood of Marienburg.

RYAZ, O.P. *peeps on and enters. Cannon heard and tumult—a shot is fired nearer—he falls, then looks up and ventures to rise.*

Ryaz. Oh lord, here's a go! I wonder if I am really living—I fancy I feel a shot in every limb! What a fool I was to run to Marienburg, to see the sights as I imagined! I thought, when I heard the cannon, it was a grand fete, a birth-day, instead of which it's a death-day! They are popping 'em off like wild rabbits! Just as I got near, I met the inhabitants running, and the soldiers and Cossacks after them, and heard the balls whizzing about. I forgot where I was, and never recovered my recollection, 'till I found myself in a hollow tree. How I did tremble and shiver! and I don't know what I didn't do! They are all past now—if I can but sneak home—here goes! [*Going*, P. S.

Enter LOWESTOFF, O. P.

Low. Stand!

Ryaz. I can't—I'm too frightened! [*Staggering.*

Low. What do you here?

Ryaz. That s just what I've been asking myself.

Low. What are you?

Ryaz. I don't exactly know.

Low. [*Presenting a pistol*] Will this bring it to your recollection?

Ryaz. [*Still more alarmed*] Not a bit of it

Low. What will?

Ryaz. Nothing but quiet and repose.

Low. I'll soon give you that. You are a Livonian, I see; keep quiet now, whilst I blow your brains out.

Ryaz. [*On his knees*] My good fellow, don't—pray don't! I'm as simple a fool as you'd wish to meet! You have nothing to fear from *me!* I'm like a chip in porridge neither good nor harm to anybody!

Low. Then the sooner you are out of the way the better. [*Presents pistol*]

Ryaz. Mercy! mercy! I don't care for myself—But I've got a sweetheart!

Low. Ha ha ha! have *you* a sweetheart?

Ryaz. Nature's nature—I couldn't help it! Oh, Carline, Carline, if I had not quarrelled with you, I should not have been in this scrape!

Low. And her name is Carline, eh? Now what would you say, if I were to spare your life, for Carline's sake?

Ryaz. I should say you were a jolly good fellow!

Enter Soldiers, with Two Prisoners, P.S.

Low. Take *this* prisoner with you. I'll soon give an account of him to the general. Away. [*crosses to* P.S.

Ryaz. I say, don't let them mistake me for any other brave fellow, and shoot me before you come.

Low. Oh, fear not—they'll soon see there's nothing brave about *you*—go.

Ryaz. Oh, what a fool I was to come a sight-seeing! This *is* a sight! [*They Exit with him,* O.P.

Low. Ha ha ha! Poor devil! I must have some amusement with him. What's this? [*Looks* P.S.] A young girl, coming this way towards Marienburg! I must warn her of her danger. We must not let youth and beauty suffer, if we can help it.

Enter CATHARINE, P.S.

Cath. The horse's girth broke, and nearly threw me—I was forced to dismount, and leave him. I must find my dear father. [Lowestoft *stops her.*

Low. Stay girl, whither go you?

Cath. What can that be to you?

Low. Ha! [*Threateningly.*

Cath. Aye, you may frown, but I fear you not. I am going to Marienburg.

Low. Marienburg is in the hands of the Russians.

Cath. Well, what then? Do you think I care for the Russians? Not I.

Low. The inhabitants are prisoners; and if you are mad enough to pursue your route, *you* will also be taken prisoner.

Cath. But there is one whom I look up to as a father in Marienburg, and I am determined to share his fate whatever it may be.

Low. But if *he* is a prisoner?

Cath. I will share his prison with him.

Low. If he is dead?

Cath. Still would I share his fate, be it imprisonment or death.

Low. Brave girl. [*Aside*] Go, and heaven preserve both you and him. [Catharine *crosses* O P.

Cath. Oh, nature never pleads in vain to hearts that own but feeling. [*A loud report of cannon*] Ha! so near! No matter. What danger should I shrink from when *his* life is perilled.

[*About to go*, O.P. *when an Officer of Cossacks, and Cossacks enter*, O.P. *intercepting her.*

Offi. [O.P.] Hold.

Cath. [C.] Oh, what an ugly set of rascals to be sure!

Low. I told you what would happen if you pursued your route. [*Aside to her*] Tell me your name.

Cath. Catharine—I am the adopted child of the pastor, Skovronski.

Low. Umph! [*To Officer*] Men, do your duty. [*Exit* P.S.

Offi. Come, girl, you are a Livonian. Livonia belongs this day to our Czar, Peter the First of Russia. You are therefore our prisoner [*Advancing.*

Cath. Now keep your hands off, if you please. I didn't come here to be made prisoner. I came to find my adopted father.

Offi. Come, fall in. [*Touching her shoulder.*

Cath. If you don't keep your hands off me, we shall fall out

Offi. Zounds! will you go?

Cath Yes, certainly I'll go, but it must be in my own way. If I *am* your *prisoner*, I'll be your *commander* as well. March.

[*Exit* O.P. *Cossacks preceding and following.*

SCENE III.

Market Place of Marienburg.

Report of guns. General Scheremtief *enters* O.P.U.E. *with Russian Soldiers.*

Sch. Give the word for no more slaughter—the last opposition quelled, Marienburg is entirely ours.

Enter Serjeant Hetzenoff, O P. *with* Ryaz.

Het. A prisoner, general.

Sch Let him be well guarded, and await our orders.

Ryaz. [R H.] What a savage looking rascal [*Aside*

Het. Come on.

Ryaz I am to stop for my friend you know. I say, General Skive-em-off—

Sch Ha! silence, fool.

Ryaz. Yes, certainly your honor's honorable and most magnificent highness [*Enter* Lowestoff, O.P. *who approaches the* General] but you see—yes—that young chap there.

Sch. Gag him—silence him. If he speaks another word despatch him. [*Turns to* Lowestoff.

Ryaz. Well, but I say. [*Calling aloud to* Lowestoff.

Het. Present. [*They do at* Ryaz.

Ryaz. I'm dumb. [*Aside*] Oh, here's a sight to show a father.

Enter COSSACK OFFICER, U.E.P.S. *who approaches* GENERAL, *they converse.*

Ryaz. Hollo—I wonder if that's about me. I always did hate whisperers. Carline, I shall never see you more, if I do, it will be without a head; and without my head I don't see how I can see anybody. [Lowestoff *points to* Ryaz] Oh, its all over, that rascal has betrayed me —coaxed me to surrender on purpose to have me slaughtered. [*Aside.*

Sch. [*Smiling to* Officer] 'Tis well—since she *demands* to see the General, bring her before me.

[Officer *beckons and conducts* Catharine *in, accompanied by* Frederica, P.S.U.E.

Offi. This is the general.

Cath. A grace, a boon, general—for pity's sake a boon.

Ryaz. Why it's Catharine—I say, first tell em who I am, and that I'm not worth a dump to 'em.

Sch. Silence.

Ryaz. She's a particular friend of mine.

Sch. And a prisoner like yourself.

Ryaz. Oh, lord. [*Aside.*

Sch. Now, girl, speak what would you?

Cath. I seek my protector, my only father, the pastor of Marienburg. If he is a prisoner to share his prison with him—or if, as I am told by his old servant here, he is among the dead, oh, sir, let me seek his corpse that it may rest in hallowed ground, and have the prayers of those who have loved him. My old nurse here tells me, she saw him struck by a Russian bullet while binding up the wounds of a poor Livonian. [*kneels*] Oh, sir, if you had known his goodness—my poor father, my benefactor

Sch. Have you no fear of a dark battle field?

Cath. What fear should I have, in the performance of my duty?

Sch. You are our prisoner, as you know. The camp is without the walls. If I grant your request, what warrant have I that you attempt not to escape? [Catharine *springing up*] My word? [*Firmly.*

Sch. Go then, but remember that you have given your word to return.

Cath. I *shall* remember—thanks, sir, thanks. Come, Frederica, come. [*Crosses* R.S.

Fre. Would you go among the dead at this hour?

Cath. At any hour, if service to the suffering may be rendered. Come.

Fre. I dare not, cannot, girl.

Cath. Then I go alone—*he* may yet live, and I may still return the good he has dealt to me

Fre. It shall not be said, a girl had more humanity than I.

Cath Come then to the battle-field, and heaven guide us in our search. [*Exit*, P.S.

Sch. Now, convey your prisoner to security. [*To* Lowestoff] You asked, for your own service, some fellow—

Ryaz. That's me, your mighty and most magnanimous highness,

Low. It is.

Sch. He is your's

Ryas. [*With dignity to Cossacks*] Allow me to pass, will you? [*Crossing to* L.H.

Sch. One cheer, my lads, for the capture of Marienburg, and the glory of our czar.

[*Shouts, and scene closes as they march off*, U E.O.P.

SCENE IV

OUTSIDE OF THE WALLS OF MARIENBURG.

Parts of the City seen above the Walls.

Enter POTZO *and* SCLAVRONSKI, P.S.

Pot. This storming is capital work. It gives us such a chance of rifling the bodies. Six rubles, three silver watches, and rings and brooches without number.

Scla. Some of 'em though fought hard. I was obliged to knock two on the head before they'd let go. One old fellow told me his watch was given him by his father, and he had promised it to his son. He would'nt let go, so I gave him a knock on the wrist that he won't soon forget. He soon dropped the watch.

Pot. And you got it?

Scla. Of course I did It was business, and a man must attend to his business. If he don't, how is he to keep a comfortable honest h me? Hollo, what's this? Some one comes, stand aside—something worth while perhaps.

Enter CATHARINE *and* FREDERICA, P.S 1E.

Cath. 'Tis not far now, and we may fortunately discover him. Hark, do you not hear? Their groans are borne upon the wind. Oh, if we can afford some succour to the famished or the dying! is it not a holy duty? and your good master, my father, he may now be suffering. Come, quick.

[Potzo *and* Sclavronski *intercept them as they are going*.

Pot. Stay.

Cath. Back, what would you?

Pot. Your rings, your money.

Cath. Ha. [Potzo *seizes her*.

Scl. The old woman has some bobs in her ears I dare say. Come, old girl.

Cath. Monsters.

Pot To work and while I get the rings, you tear the bobs from the old fool's ears

[Catharine *struggles*, Frederica *screams*, Catharine *releases her hands, he approaches, she siezes his throat*, Sclavonski *has got* Frederica *on her knees*.

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Pot. Your hand from my throat.

Cath. A motion, and I choke you.

[*Enter* Lowestoff O.P. *throws* Sclavronski *from old woman, cuts* Potzo *down and stands with his foot on him, his sword presented to the other.*

Low. What ho! [*Enter* Soldiers, O. P.] Remove these ruffians to close quarters. The general shall decide their fate. [*They are taken off*, O.P.

Cath Do I owe this to you? and are you like myself seeking some dying friend?

Low. Not so. Catharine this is a task too much for your age or strength. Leave this search to me, and when the dead are seperated from the wounded, I will myself seek the aged pastor.

Cath. No, no: that I have begun I must accomplish.

Low. Catharine, I am a soldier as you see, and have a soldier's courage, but your's astounds me. Mark me. You are now beyond the walls of the city—the General is no more your master—returning, you are his slave—fly from hence. If you need money, it is here

[*Offers purse.*

Cath. Have I not given my word to return?

Low. Think of what you must endure. Your youth's hope changed to misery, yourself a slave. Fly whilst you can.

Cath. I will *not* fly. Though poor, unknown, and without name, nothing shall tempt me to forfeit my word. Were I a princess I should be expected to keep it; as a peasant I will not break it. [*A heavy groan without*] Do you not hear? again. It may be my benefactor, and but for this delay he may be saved.

[*Rushes out*, P.S.

Low. Quick, follow. [Frederica *exits after her.* Brave heroic girl, worthy to be a hero's bride. Heaven grant her success in her sad and sorrowful search. But see, they return, and with them an aged man.

Re-enter Catharine *and* Frederica, *bearing in the Pastor* Skovronski, *very faint.*

Cath. Did I not tell you we should find him? Father look up, dear father speak.

Sko. Where, where am I? That face! do I dream? Ca-Catherine—I cannot beleive.

Cath. Your own girl, your Catherine and Frederica.

Sko I, faint with loss of blood.

Low. Take this flask. [*Gives* Catherine *a flask*] 'Twill perhaps revive him

Cath Here, father, here. [*Places it to his lips.*

Low. Bear him slowly on—Come. come. [*Exit*, O.P.

Sko. Thanks! thanks! how came you here?

Cath. I heard of the Siege and your danger—in seeking for you I was taken prisoner, and I now belong to the Russian General; but he permitted me to seek you on my promise that I should return to him.

Sko. You have given your word?

Cath. Yes.

Sko. A promise should never be broken: keep your word and go my child: do your duty and heaven will bless you.

Cath. Oh! thanks for those words—there, give me your arm—lean on me—come—you are stronger now dear Father.

Sko. Yes, yes.

Cath. There, gently, gently. [*She leads him off.*

SCENE V.

Tent of the Czar, Peter the First.

Outside of Tent—the Interior of which is seen, and at the back a large handsome Curtain.

Enter SCHEREMTIEF and LOWESTOFF *through Tent.*

Sch. Ha! ha! ha! 'tis a strange romantic story this of yours. But do you think she will have the courage to return?

Low. [O P.] I feel assured she will—She is a noble-minded creature and fear seems a stranger to her. Her strong affection for the old Pastor too speaks well for her heart.

Sch. [P S.] He is not her father, you say?

Low. No, he found her it seems an infant, during a wild and fearful storm, and has ever since protected her.

Sch. Still, I'll wager, her protector safe, she comes not back again.

Enter OFFICER, O. P. 1 E.

Offi. The prisoner, Catharine. [Lowestoff *gets* L.H.

Sch. As you said —Admit her. [Catharine *enters*, O P.] So, you are come, my little one—I did not expect you.

Cath. You had no right to doubt me.

Sch. Why not?

Cath. Because I had given my word.

Sch. But you are only a poor simple girl.

Cath. Why should poverty teach me dishonesty? By your goodness, my father is now safe, and I care not now to what slavery I am doomed

Sch. You are young and intelligent—may I not say handsome?

Cath. You may if you choose; and I may please myself if I believe you or not.

Sch. Let me see how you can serve a breakfast; can you do so?

Cath. Yes, or a dinner either.

Sch. Within the Tent you will find the things.

Cath You shall not wait long.

[*Exit into Tent.*

[Scheremtief *and* Lowestoff *laugh.*

Sch. Ha! ha! ha! we shall have some mirth with her.

Enter from Tent Two Pages *with seats, which they place in front;* Two other Pages *with table placing it in centre; then* Catherine *with tray, some black bread, tongue, and a bottle of wine.* Lowestief *and* Scheremtief sit.

Cath. Here is all I can find: some black bread, deer's tongue, and a bottle of wine

Sch. [O P.] That's all we have.

Cath [*Tying napkin as for an apron*] Poor fellows! if you come to our house, I'll give you something better than this.

Low. [P.S.] This will do.

[*About to help himself from Tray.*

Cath. [*Keeping it away*] The General first.

[*Presents tray to* Scheremtief—*curtzies*

Now, General.

Sch. Thank yon. Ha! ha! ha!

[Catharine *goes to* Lowestoft. Now *your* turn comes.

Low I am much obliged.

Sch. Pour us out some wine

Cath. Yes, but I don't encourage drinking, by giving you wine before you have eaten.—You soldiers are very bad boys to drink I am told.

[*They laugh as she pours wine.*—Lowestoff *going to take one.*]

Shall I never teach you manners? the General first I told you.

Low. I beg your pardon.

Sch. How old are you?

Cath. [C.] Eighteen and a little bit—[*They laugh*]

Sch. [O.P.] With a heart of thirty.

Low. [P S.] Ah, General, if you had seen her amongst the dead and wounded!

Sch. Had you no fear of the dead, my girl?

Cath. I do not fear the living, much less the dead. I thought but of finding my benefactor.

Sch. I see; the thought of him banished fear; I should like to see you in the centre of a battle-field.

Low. Yes, General; with that litt'e resolute face of hers

Cath. It would be quite as resolute as yours. Some more bread, General? or some more wine? wine, I suppose

Sch. Right again. [*She pours wine*

Low. She is a brave and a noble hea ted girl; and I—

Cath. There now, don't say anything more 'till you have washed that down. [*Gives wine to* Lowestoff

Low. [*drinks*] General, will you sell me your prisoner?

Cath. Well, I declare

Sch What would you do with her?

Low. Make her my wife

Cath. Oh! oh, dear me! [*Aside*] I shall drop the tray.

Low. I can see she was born to be a soldier's wife—come, what say you, Catharine, eh?

Cath Just let me recover my breath, will you? why,

I say—I say—I'd rather be the *wife* of a *Soldier* than the *slave* of a *General.*

Low. Brava, Catharine! from this moment you belong to me.

Sch. Well, but—

Low. I know what you'll urge, General—[*They rise*] and *you* also know I never do anything like anybody else. Catharine is good, gay and generous, and I'll make her my wife—Catharine, are you bold enough to take my hand?

Cath. I am—Soldier! [*Schermtief laughs.*

Low. And you'll march with me?

Cath. I will—Soldier.

Low. Fight with me?

Cath. I'll not fight *with* you, but *for* you—and by your side, Soldier.

Low. [*quickly*] Put down that tray; put it down, I say—take off that apron. You shall never serve anybody more, but a husband.

Sch. Ha! ha! ha! I wish you much joy. Farewell. [*Exit into tent.*

[Catharine *curtsies and sits on* O.P. *stool.*

Low. [*sits opposite to her,* P.S.] And now Catharine, do you know who I am?

Cath. No: but you said you wished to be my husband.

Low. But do you know my rank in the army?

Cath. What signifies your rank, so that you are an honest man, a good husband and a brave soldier. 'Tis not always the highest that are the bravest. The soldier often wins the battle, while the general gets the credit of it.

Low. True, Catharine, true. [*They rise.*

Cath. Besides, you cannot suppose me proud; a poor girl, without family, without name.

Low. You are content then to link your destiny with mine?

Cath. Yes, you have the air of a brave man, and I like you because you have been kind to *me*, and my benefactor.

Low. You are not sorry then that I am but a poor soldier?

Cath. Do you think I want to marry a general?

Low. Enough. But I must ask the consent of the Czar. [*Flourish.*] That flourish announces that he is about to receive the despatches of his generals and the petitions of the people of Marienburg. Remain you without, till I can gain an audience. You'll be my wife?

Cath. I will—soldier—I have given my word.

Low. 'Tis well. [*Exit* Lowestoff P.S. *into tent.* Catharine *exits* O.P.]

[*Table and seats are removed. The tent is drawn off and the back curtain is raised discovering steps leading up to a Pavilion,* Lowestoff *on steps,* Officers *kneeling around him giving their despatches* Pages, Soldiers, &c. *The* Czar *comes down, two* Pages *bring a chair, he sits, motions to* Cossack

Officer, *who goes to side and brings in* Catharine
Enter RYAZ, P.S.

Ryaz. Hollo! theres my master sitting in that chair—what impudence!

Coss. Offi. Catharine, the Czar, Peter the First, wishes to speak to you.

Enter CATHARINE, O.P.

Cath. [*looking round*] Which is he? How am I to know which is the Czar unless you tell me? [*sees* Lowestoff] Well I declare—there's my husband, that is to be, sitting at his ease amongst all these fine generals! Well, I thought him impudent when he first asked me where I was going, but this beats all. I say, sir, [*to* Officer] which is the Czar? where is he? [Officer *points to* Peter, c.] There! there—don't be a fool: that's my husband.

Ryaz. Yes, and my master.

Low. It *is* your husband—and the Czar likewise, Catharine.

[*Throwing his cloak back on chair, which he has worn through the former part · rises.*]

Cath. Eh! what! nonsense! You don't mean to say that I'm the—no, that you are the Emperor, Peter the First, and that I'm to be Mrs. Emperor, Peter the First—that is that I am to be your wife.

Peter. Does the news grieve you? do my titles, state, and power prevent you loving me, Catharine?

Cath. No—I loved you as a Soldier, I will also love you as an Emperor.

Peter. And I, Peter the First, Czar of Russia, with joy accept your love—and you shall share my throne.

[*She rushes to him.*

Ryaz. [*Aside.*] Huzza! I'm a friend of the Emperor.

Enter SKROVONSKI, O.P. 1 E.

I must pass: where, where is my child? my Catharine?

Peter. Behold her!

Cath. Father! [*Embraces*] Husband! [*To Peter*]

Sko. Husband!

Cath. Yes, your orphan child, Catharine, whom you rescued from the storm, has lived to bless, to save her benefactor.

Peter. And this day becomes my wife, Catharine, Empress of Russia! Gentlemen, [*To Officers, presenting her*] your knees.

[*Officers kneel, Soldiers shout—flourish.*

Cath. Empress! I!—I, Empress! Pray, rise, gentlemen, rise. [*They do so*] I fear me this cannot be reality, only some wild dream; yet here *he* stands [*Taking his hand*] My lord! my husband! and if you, kind friends [*To Audience*] do but approve his choice, let your applauding hands and cheering smiles welcome here

"Catharine of Russia, the Child the of Storm!"

CURTAIN FALLS.